



# THE FIELD NATURALIST

*Quarterly Bulletin of the Trinidad and Tobago Field Naturalists' Club*

July – September 2012

Issue No: 3/2012



Field Trip Report, Sunday 28th August, 2011

## Mount Brasso Estate, Brasso Seco Village

*Report by Sarita Emmanuel*



### Remnants of a sluice gate at Mount Brasso Estate

Brasso Seco is a place I've heard of all my life, but have never been to. This alternative trip was agreed upon by the members of the trip on the morning of the 28<sup>th</sup> August, 2011. The scheduled field trip was to Bush-Bush, however, due to the curfew which imposed time limits (2100 hrs to 0500 hrs) for the (limited) State of Emergency, we had to choose an adventurous but

*(continued on page 11)*



## Inside This Issue

- Cover**
- 1 **Field Trip - Mount Brasso Estate**  
(Sunday 28th August, 2011)  
- Sarita Emmanuel
- 3 **Retrospective on Cumaca Cave**  
(Saturday 22nd March, 1964)  
- Hans E.A. Boos
- 14 **Field Trip - Hololo or St. Ann's Peak**  
(Sunday 29th April, 2012)  
- Marie-Hélène Predhom Mike G. Rutherford
- 17 **Bug group - Mount St. Benedict**  
(December 2011)  
- Christopher K. Starr and Mike G. Rutherford
- 20 **A Tribute to Paul Comeau**
- 21 **Art group - Zoology inspiring Art**  
(Saturday 14th April 2012) - Amy Deacon
- 23 **Notes on Social Wasps of the Bocas Islands** - Christopher K. Starr
- 24 **TTFNC Hunting Policy**  
- Graham White, edited by Bonnie Tyler
- 26 **We Go To Grenada 1975 (Part 3a)**  
- Feature Serial by Hans Boos
- 31 **Management Notices**
- 32 **Notes to Contributors**

### Editor's note

Many thanks to all who contributed and assisted with articles and photographs.

## CONTACT THE EDITOR



Web



Email



Facebook



Downloads

# THE FIELD NATURALIST

Quarterly Bulletin of the Trinidad and Tobago Field Naturalists' Club

## July - September 2012

### Editors

Eddison Baptiste, Rupert Mends (assistant editor)

### Editorial Committee

Eddison Baptiste, Elisha Tikasingh,  
Palaash Narase, Reginald Potter

### Contributing writers

Amy Deacon, Bonnie Tyler, Christopher Starr,  
Hans Boos, Graham White, Marie-Hélène Predhom  
Mike Rutherford, Sarita Emmanuel

### Photographs

Deon Adams, Graham White, Hans Boos, Ian Lambie,  
Joanne Dasent, Mike Rutherford, Sarita Emmanuel

### Design and Layout

Eddison Baptiste

The Trinidad and Tobago Field Naturalists' Club is a  
non-profit, non-governmental organization

## Management Committee 2012 - 2013

President .....	Eddison Baptiste	695-2264
Vice-President .....	Palaash Narase	751-3672
Treasurer.....	Selwyn Gomes	624-8017
Secretary .....	Ann Marie Sank-ersingh	679-4255
Assist-Secretary .....	Paula Smith	729-8360
Committee members ...	Dan Jaggernauth	659-2795
	Mike Rutherford	329-8401
	Stefanie White	642-0570

## Contact us!

Website: <http://www.ttfnc.org>

Postal: The Secretary, TTFNC, c/o P.O. Box 642,  
Port-of-Spain, Trinidad and Tobago

Email: [admin@ttfnc.org](mailto:admin@ttfnc.org)

### Disclaimer:

The views expressed in this bulletin are those of the respective authors and do not necessarily reflect the opinion and views of the Trinidad and Tobago Field Naturalists' Club



# Retrospective on Cumaca Cave

(on an event that happened on March 22, 1964)

by Hans E.A. Boos  
March 2011



It seems fitting in this March of 2011, that I hark back to an event that happened on March 22, 1964 in which both the Field Naturalists' Club of Trinidad and I were involved forty seven years ago.

I was a mere twenty five years old, having

been a member for about four years when on the calendar of activities for the Club there was planned a trip to the Cumaca Caves in Platanal, deep in a Northern Range Valley. Here the largest colony of the "guacharos" or Oil Birds, *Steatornis catripensis*,



**March 22th 1964 group photo of members of TTFNC and the British Sub-Aqua Group on the Cumaca Road before the commencement of the hike to the Caves which are located on the Leotaud Estate**

*Photo source : Ian Lambie*

were said to still exist in large numbers. The caves were accessible by footpaths through the numerous old cocoa estates that once belonged to the Leotaud family.

So on that fateful day, along with my younger brother, Julius, in a convoy of cars carrying other members and friends of the Club, we drove slowly up the nine miles of torturous road into the Platanal Valley. Parking at the side of the road where a smaller dirt road led upwards into the hillside, it became apparent that the Club was not the only entity who had planned to go to the caves on that day.

Unloading their cars and vans were the members of the local branch of the British Sub-Aqua Club.

One of their members, Vincent Abraham, happened to be both a member of that association and our Club, and he explained that the happy circumstances that brought us together were totally unplanned. The Sub-Aqua Club had been diving on the site where the Spanish Admiral Appodaca had burnt and scuttled his ships at their anchorage off the island of Gasparee, before the invasion and taking of Trinidad by the British under Abercromby in 1797. The Sub-Aquas had decided to do some cave diving in the only cave that lent itself to this sort of underwater exploration, and to attempt to put to rest an old legend that there were other inner caves a short swim from the emergence of the Cumaca river in the depths of the cave.

In the repartee and old-talk that accompanied us along the slippery and uncomfortable hike into the cave, it was revealed that there

were legends of these inner caves arising from a rumour that both an ancient Amerindian had made the swim and came back to tell the tale, which was confirmed by a US soldier posted to Trinidad during World war II. He was said to have made the swim too, and in those days there were no sophisticated underwater gear at hand. Maybe he had a pair of swim goggles to make his swim, as the now familiar face masks and SCUBA-gear were certainly not available at that time. But there was enough optimism arising from these stories and from the experience of the Britishers, that there would be little trouble in either finding this fabled under water cavern, or dispelling the myth forever. Maybe it was this optimism and devil-may-care attitude that was to result in the tragic events that unfolded later in the day. There was a lot of cussing and complaints as we trudged our way down the rutted and muddy path that became more churned up for the ones in the wake of the single-file members.

After about a hour or so, we arrived at the old estate buildings, a row of wooden shacks and quarters for the workers of the almost now defunct estate. Along the way we had seen a large Boa Constrictor, *Boa constrictor*, snake sleeping on the cut stump of a large tree, and as we refreshed ourselves in preparation for the hike into the cave itself, we were given guidelines for our safety on entering the cave and what to expect, and “dos and don’ts” concerning the use of flashlights that startle the birds. The Sub-Aquas had set off before us and were nowhere to be seen as we arrived at the entrance to the cave, a large angled fissure in a cliff face. The river, clear and gurgling over a bed of mixed gravel and the regurgitated seeds from palms,



flowed out of this fissure and disappeared around a bend into the jungle.

One by one we stepped into the shallow river and waded into the darkness of the cave. We could hear the unearthly screeches up in the darkness ahead and, as we got deeper and deeper into the cave, this devilish squawking became progressively louder as it grew darker and our flashlights had to light the way with every step over the treacherous, uneven, underfoot gravel and admixed seeds.

Overhead the birds were rushing about in the light-pierced darkness and a constant drizzle of bird urine and droppings began to rain down. Added to that we were sure there were some bat doings too, as we could see their dark shapes fluttering about and above our heads.

With quickly orchestrated flashlight probing, we were shown the nesting birds up on the sides of the caves, where the eyes of the parent birds, as well as those of their fat-filled squabs, reflected the light in pin-point red sparks.

On the banks of the river there were huge piles of bird and bat guano, accumulated over the years, and on this guano, black and smelly, were growing stunted forests of palm seedlings, all reaching upward like ghosts to a non-existent light. Without the light to begin the process of photosynthesis they would grow only until they had exhausted the supply of food in the seed and then they would die, or be eaten by the swarms of cockroaches, millipedes, and other cave arthropod fauna that scuttled away from our lights.



**Group photo of members of TTFNC and the British Sub-Aqua Group on the Leotaud Estate**  
Julius and Hans Boos(hat) are seated in the centre group  
(1964) photo, source: Ian Lambie

---

Large manicou crabs, *Kingsleya garmani*, (Stonley J.M. 1971) scurried away in the river pools to conceal themselves under rock shelves, and even bigger toads, *Bufo marinus*, sat comfortably in depressions in the guano and fed on the scurrying prey.

Having accomplished the first goal of our trip --to see these rare and curious birds--we set off to accomplish the second, which was to attempt to net the rare blind Catfish which is found only in this cave. Though at one time thought to be an unique fish, and called *Cercorhamdia urichi* (after one of the founding members of the Club, but relegated to being only a variety of the common river catfish *Rhamdia sebae* (Kenny 1995)), it was considered a prize catch for aquarists.

There are areas of the cave that only people who do not suffer from claustrophobia, can attempt to pass further into the inner chambers. One has to wade through almost chest-high water and hold one's head at right angles to the body to be able to breathe to pass under a low shelf of rock formation, before emerging into the larger chamber beyond.

As a number of us emerged into this last chamber we found the Sub-Aquas there and we were informed that a pair of divers, more experienced men from the British contingent, had already started their exploratory dive. The plan was to carry a roll of measuring tape in as far as they could swim for a half-life of the tanks of air, and then they would drop the roll and swim back, following the tape to the point of departure. We could see the tape disappearing into the dark water that flowed out from under the wall of

the cave where there was an underwater passage that led downwards to who knew where.

But things did not look so promising as the water flowing out was murky with stirred up sediment.

A few minutes later the two men emerged from the hole and pulling off their masks they gasped in relief in the air. Immediately they began to explain how dangerous they had found the going in, and even more so the coming back out where they stirred up wake, both from the action of their swimming and also from the trail of expelled air which, as they breathed, had disturbed perhaps years of the fine sediment from the surrounding rocks, walls and roof. They were not so aware of this as they were going in, as they were swimming into the current, but when they turned to come back after dropping the roll of tape, they were faced with a wall of thick impenetrable silt-laden water, with visibility at almost zero, making it difficult to see the tape much less the way out. They had managed to follow the tape in the murk and emerge only minutes before their air ran out. They advised that due to the danger, the mission should be aborted until they had better equipment especially lights to see underwater. I saw that all they had were flashlights made waterproof by being wrapped in plastic bags, and there were no safety lines that they could attach to their bodies for retrieval in events as described by the first two divers.

But the local Trinidadian contingent began to protest that they had not come so far to give up so easily and so, against the advice of the more experienced divers, two local young



men, Vincent Abraham and Adam Richards, prepared to make a second attempt, at least to get as far as the dropped tape for they could see that the water was clearing up as the silt was washed out and perhaps had begun to settle.

They began to gear up for the dive and Vincent came to my brother and asked if he could borrow the small jackknife he could see hanging on Julius' belt. Julius readily lent him the knife and the slim leather belt and, as the two young men slipped into the water,



**Right: Williams S. "Dan" Chalmers** who was an Asst. Conservator of Forests and a member of the TTFNC. When Dan left Trinidad he worked in Barbados for many years before taking up residence in Norfolk, England, where he still resides with his Trinidadian wife and his two sons. (both now adult.)

**Left: Unnamed guide** - was a resident of Cumaca.

*(1964) photo, source: Ian Lambie*

he made a jest, imitating a famous Jerry Lewis diving posture, saying merrily "Good bye cruel world."

How prophetic those words proved to be. The water immediately clouded up again and we who had come to attempt to capture the catfish moved out of that chamber and made our way downstream, going towards the entrance of the cave to see if the silt would have settled out by then and allow us to bait the fish from their hiding and to net them.

In the excitement of the next hours I do not recall if we caught any catfish, but I remember giving up as I had strained my back coming in and the pain was such that I only wanted to get back to the cars and then home. Emerging from the cave, Julius and I saw several of the girls who had come along for the hike and they asked us if they could accompany us back to the cars, as they were also ready to quit the area. I can only remember one of these girls, Carmel Lee Cam, a sister of Tessa who later married Raymond Manuel, also a member of the Club.

As we made our way up the slippery slopes of the hills out of the valley, suddenly we heard the sound of running feet and one of the Sub-Aquas ran past us as if a devil was at his heels. He ignored our calls of enquiry. A few minutes after another man, this time an Englishman, came running and paused only long enough to tell us breathlessly that they had lost two men. "They went in and did not come out." And they were going to get more air tanks from their cars to continue the rescue efforts as all the air they had in the cave had already been used up in the search.

The girls began to cry and wanted to go back to help in these efforts, but I dissuaded them on the grounds that more people in the crowded cave certainly would escalate the danger level to all, and that our flashlight batteries were almost exhausted anyhow, so it would be folly to trek back into the cave. I told them that the best thing we could do was to hurry to the Arima police station and make a report and that I knew a professional diver who I would try to contact when we could get to a phone.

A while later the two men came running back, grey faced with exhaustion, and carrying fresh tanks of air to enable them to continue the search for the missing men.

About an hour later I made the report to the police at the Arima station, from the little information I had, and then hurried to the home of John Dunston who lived on the outskirts of Arima; using his phone I began to try to contact Malcolm Brown who was an oilfield diver of some experience.

It took quite a while before I managed to get in contact with Malcolm. He was attending the Southern Games, a yearly popular sports event held at Guaracara Park in Pointe-a-Pierre. I explained the situation to him as best I could and he told me that he would try his best to assemble a team and equipment and rendezvous at the Arima Police Station where he expected he could get more current news of the status of the developing tragedy.

John Dunston called a mutual friend and experienced bush man, Elliot Olton, and we three drove back to Arima



At the Arima Police station where, by then, word had spread to the families of the missing men, they were gathered in a group outside the station, where there was speculation as to what had happened and there were some hopes that the men had found the fabled inner cave or at least a pocket of air and were there awaiting rescue.

I could do little more and left for home. I kept in touch with John Dunston and Elliot Olton the next day and they told me briefly about the rescue efforts by Malcolm Brown and his brother who, with a team of helpers, several donkeys to carry the needed equipment, including powerful lights and safety harnesses and all that was necessary for diving in such hazardous conditions, had found and retrieved the body of only one of the men, Vincent Abraham.

In those years the daily newspapers were not published on a Monday, but that Tuesday, the 24<sup>th</sup>, there was maximum coverage of the tragedy, where more details and photos were given of the rescue efforts and how though they had recovered the body of Vincent. Adam Richards' body was not recovered due to the crumbling walls of the cave underwater and the threats to the rescuing divers. The headlines screamed "Nightmare Death Pool at Cumaca" among other sensational sentences and even a week later, the Sunday Guardian bannered, "Chamber of Horrors in Picturesque Countryside."

In this article there was a schematic drawing by the Guardian well known artist and also a member of the Club, Dunstan Williams, (DEW) based on a drawing I had made for DEW when he contacted me during the

week that followed the tragedy.

Over the following years the events of that day, etched on my memory as they were, began to fade, but I made several hikes into the cave and it was on one of these hikes, in 1987, I rediscovered the very rare snake *Lep-tophis stimsoni*, first collected by Ivan T. Sanderson in 1937, a full fifty years before.

On these hikes I recorded the cries of the oil birds and played back the calls of a Trinidadian baby otter to see if any adults would respond, as we had seen tracks of some mammal, perhaps an otter, deep in the cave on the same sandy beach of the pool where Vincent and Adam had lost their young lives.

By this trip in 1987 I noted that someone had erected a small brass plaque commemorating their deaths, and I cleaned it off from the encrusting algae and mosses before I took a picture of a memento of an event that changed my life and which I shall never forget.

I could not reconcile what we had been taught about actions and consequences, and I could not believe that those two young men in the flush of their life could have done anything so wrong or terrible to have deserved that death, alone and terrified, underwater, and in the dark, in the bowels of the earth.

I in later years talked to Malcolm Brown and he told me details of what he had seen and experienced that day. How both he and his brother had also nearly perished negotiating the passages underwater that the two had dared, and how when he found Vincent's body, he was stark naked except for one flipper, and that he saw parts of Adam's body,

but he was covered by fallen rocks with only a leg, an arm and one of his tanks visible in the swirling pea-soup, murky waters, deep in Cumaca Cave. They found the roll of tape too, but it was defective, in that it had once been broken, and the two parted ends had been simply taped together with what looked like common Sellotape. The water had softened this joint, and the tape came apart, so if even the two lost divers had managed to find the spool, it would have led them nowhere and their death would have been certain.

When he told Adam's father, who had travelled in to the cave that night, what he had found of his son, the elder Richards had pragmatically reasoned, in that Adam was dead and virtually buried already, it was unwise to risk any more lives to retrieve the body.

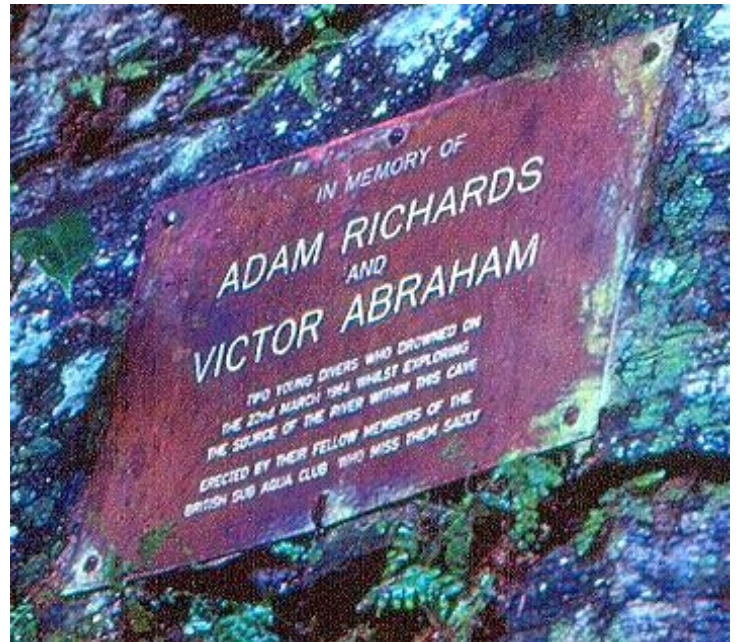
It is passing strange how this event has touched my family. Years later, for he cannot recall the exact date, my cousin Nigel Boos, hiking in the same river near the mouth of the cave, came across a bone which he thought might be human and sent it to his step father Sir Henry Pierre, the noted Trinidadian surgeon, who had it identified as a human leg bone, the tibia of the lower leg.

Putting all other coincidences aside, this bone was more than likely the leg bone of Adam Richards.

The cave was giving up its dead.

The Club, now the Field Naturalists' Club of Trinidad and Tobago Inc., often sponsors visits to this cave, where the colony of oil birds never fails to amaze, nor the darkness and

clamour of these nocturnal feeders and their stygian domain cease to awe. I think it is fitting that, because its gaping, twisted-sideways mouth has no tongue to tell its tale, this brief chronicle, in the millennia that the cave has poured fourth its nightly exoduses of birds and clear crystal waters, would fill a small dramatic gap in its history. 🐛



**The plaque at the entrance in memory Adam Richards and Victor Abraham**

*Photo: Hans Boos*

### Bibliography

Kenny, J.S. 1995, Views from the Bridge. J.Kenn.y Pub.Trinprint Ltd.

Stonley, J.M. A Monograph of the Crabs of Trinidad, MSC Diss. UWI



## Mount Brasso Estate, Brasso Seco Village

(continued from page 1)

timewise trip. So the journey started from the south entrance of the University of the West Indies, St. Augustine Campus. In order to get to Brasso Seco we had to head east along the Churchill Roosevelt Highway. We then turned into the Demerara Road which took us out to the Arima Bypass Road that eventually leads to the Arima-Blanchisseuse Road. While driving on the Arima-Blanchisseuse Road we saw progressively fewer people along the roadway. The drive seemed more relaxed than ever and any worry we may have had about how far we were from our destination melted away.

The winding road made the trip of a mere 40 kilometres seem infinite. A fresh, cool, mid morning breeze made its way through the trees touching everything in its path. All that could be heard were birds and numerous melodious insects. Bright green ferns littered the road side and the mountain side. Live, bright green moss indicated a rich, moist environment suitable for a variety of insects and animals. The member whom I followed was Dan Jaggernaut who stopped at the Lopinot Junction, a.k.a. the Las Lapas lookout, for a few minutes. I took advantage of this break to get out of the car and absorb all that was around me. It was just me and Nature, the birds, breeze, trees; and I enjoyed the energy of being alive with everything that surrounded me. Eventually, we got back into the car and from here Dan and I pressed on to meet the group at Brasso Seco.

Before we could even get to Brasso Seco we had to pass through very small scattered settlements which I assumed consisted mostly

of the christophene (*Sechium edule*) farmers from the area. The roads got very narrow and in some areas its sides were steeply inclined towards the valley. In due course we came upon the Madamas-Paria Junction and turned into the road leading us to the village of the Madamas Valley. The name "Brasso Seco" just rolls right off the tongue and actually translates to mean "dry branch". Now this is particularly strange as the area receives the most amount of rainfall annually, possibly over 250 cm a year. "Dry branch" could have been the description of a seasonal river in the area.

Journeying on this road we passed the Brasso Seco Paria Visitor Facility (the Visitor Information Centre), which was actually one of the first to be constructed in this country. The community was rural and quiet but very welcoming to any visitors to the area. We soon turned into an off-road called Gomez Road. It was more a rock road than anything else, going uphill at a steady incline. After an approximate 15--20 minute drive in, we came upon the rest of the group already assembled for the trek. The area where the 16 members were assembled included an old, well kept, cocoa house that was owned by Brian O'Farrell.

We started the walk at approximately 0900 hrs, under a fairly clear sky. We walked from the open garden area, containing many patches of what we know locally as shadon beni or bandhania, *Eryngium foetidum*. We discovered in the backyard an old 'copper.' This particular one was approximately 6 - 8 feet in diameter. (Coppers were used long ago in the sugar cane industry for the boiling of cane syrup and, afterwards, they were util-

ized as water troughs for animals such as cattle.) We then made our way down an incline with several concrete steps entering the makings of a typical rainforest, except that it had been disturbed by man previously. Evidence of man's impact on the landscape was the presence of banana trees, one of which was identified by the bunch of 'Chiquito' bananas hanging from its stalk. Scattered throughout the secondary forest we occasionally came across plants, such as cocoa and coffee, that were of great significance to the area at one time. Signs of the forest being disturbed included the pioneer species bois canot trees, *Cecropia peltata* L. Commercial crops, such as cocoa, coffee and banana, were produced by estates and were once the economic mainstay of the region. With the decline of commercial agriculture in the 1960s, however, the local economy collapsed. Soon after World War II about 5,000 people resided around the village. Currently, this number has dwindled. (Eisinger et al. 2001)

As we moved further downhill, the path proved to be very slippery as the forest floor consisted of a layer of dead, wet leaves covering soil that was very moist. We continued walking, making a sharp turn uphill to the right. Some, however, continued walking straight ahead to the sounds of a river nearby. Here we found the remnants of a sluice gate made out of concrete. You can stand on the bank of this river and watch upstream, where it soon disappears under shrubbery. We decided to get back on our original track towards the waterfall ahead. The path got much narrower as we continued to walk, and fell away steeply to the left. If you weren't careful, you could slip off and

plunge right into the river, injuring yourself in the process. So Dan tied a bright yellow rope around some roots embedded in the soil for us to hold on to. He did this in just a few areas where the path seemed a bit tricky to manoeuvre. Whilst walking I noticed a black pipeline, which indicated that water was being extracted from the river for use.

In just under 30 minutes we had made our way to an enchanting waterfall, not too high or large, and not looking too treacherous. It was just about perfect. There was a rock, perched at the top of the fall and looking as if it was about to topple over. Dan remarked that he could remember it being that way for the longest while. It could have been either transported to that spot or it may have been eroded in situ, but I think it may be worth exploring what caused it to end up in that location.

The waterfall was neatly tucked away in a cove-like area, which required walking only a few metres and stepping upon some boulders in the river to get right underneath it. The waterfall seemed to be approximately 3 - 5 metres in height, with a constant flow of cool, invigorating water, which I experienced just from the spray. If you were to walk back out of the cove area and along the river that led to it, you would reach an area that forms the top of another cascading waterfall. But this one, although having a very short drop to the river below, possessed a beauty of its own. Some members decided to experience the clean, cool and fresh water of the waterfall while others, like me, decided to sit around in a state of wonder. The main waterfall, with which everyone was concerned, had the presence of pinkish-reddish algae grow-




ing on the rocks around it. This indicated that the water was fairly pristine and contained hardly any contaminants. On the periphery of the waterfall was shrubbery growing out from the sides of the rock face where there was moist decomposed material which formed good substrate for growth. After spending just over half an hour at the spot, we decided to head back. The route we took was an alternative to the one we had initially followed. We still emerged, however, from the cool forest into the warm and very humid conditions by the cocoa house.

Usually, when events like this happen the emergence back to reality leaves me wondering: how, when, what, why, who? How did the waterfall form? When was this area named Brasso Seco and, in fact, why was it named Brasso Seco? Who brought cocoa and coffee into the area and why? And lastly what happened? I looked around at the remnants of an era gone by.

At the cocoa house another copper was found in front of the building, but there were some fishes and water lilies in this one. So it did have another use besides being a water trough for animals. The group gathered under a stable carat shed which had a “chula.” Made out of clay, it serves the same purpose as a stove, with three humps on which to support the pot; there is an opening where you place dry wood or coconut husks to make a fire.

The compound consisted of a renovated cocoa house, a medium-sized carat shed with a makeshift kitchen for outside gatherings, and an abundance of fruit and flowering trees. This carat shed also housed a long table and

bench where everyone had gathered to sit and talk about the trip and share lunch. A young boy who accompanied one of the members was fascinated with the pois doux tree, *Inga laurina*, and its fruits, in the garden area. The grounds were filled with flourishing trees with fruits, such as the West Indian cherry, *Malpighia glabra*, balata, *Manikara bidentata*, pomerac, *Syzygium malaccense*, sour orange, *Citrus aurantium*, L., calabash, *Crescentia cujete*, breadfruit, *Artocarpus communis*, catahar, *Artocarpus heterophyllus*, and rambutan, *Nephelium lappaceum*. Some of the flowering plants observed included the pink poui, *Tabebuia pentaphylla*, heliconias, *Heliconia orthotricha* or *Heliconia bihai*, the pagoda plant, *Clerodendrum paniculatum*, and ginger lilies. The fact that the area is recorded as having the highest amount of precipitation annually is very much confirmed by the variety of trees found there. With the abundance of fruit trees one expected to see many birds, but only two were identified—the blue chinned sapphire hummingbird, *Chlorostilbon notatus*, was seen; and the little tiramisu, *Crypturellus soui*, was heard. This area of Trinidad is also the known habitat of the Trinidad piping guan, *Pipile pipile*. This bird is found nowhere else in the world and is seriously endangered. None was seen or heard.

It was quite an interesting, short, substitute trip. The rustic area, the forest, the fruit trees, birds, fresh air, and the waterfall all created an appreciated break from the normal routine. The energy from the surroundings was a welcome rejuvenation. 



Field Trip Report, Sunday 29th April, 2012

## Hololo or St. Ann's Peak

by Marie-Hélène Predhom and Mike G. Rutherford



We parked at the bottom of Hololo Road, on the way to Maracas Bay, and started the hike at about 7:30am. There were 16 people participating.

We walked for about 10 minutes up a paved road with houses along the side and what seemed to be a private wildlife centre on our right. Up in a large samaan tree there were a pair of peacocks perched on the branches, one of them almost spread its tail but eventually just turned its back on us. Along this road the gardens of the houses were filled with many interesting plants including croton petras, ivy, ficus on a wall and a Chinese tambran plant with edible fruits.

Just after the paved road ended we moved onto a dirt track that went up very steeply and continuously for about 30 minutes. The weather was fine with a fairly clear sky and it was starting to heat up quickly. Along the slope, we saw fern asparagus, sorrel flowers, a rubber milk tree and lantana with blue berry like fruits. At one point, and to the great pleasure of Eddison Baptiste, Dan Jagernauth pointed out some savanna flowers (*Mandevilla hirsuta*). These beautiful red and yellow flowers also happen to be edible; several people had a nibble and described the taste as bittersweet but quite pleasant.

Further along the way Mike Rutherford spotted a pauraque (*Nyctidromus albicollis*) sitting on a nest right at the side of the trail. We were able to watch it for several minutes before it had had enough and flew away allow-



**Savanna flower**  
(*Mandevilla hirsuta*)

ing us to see the distinctive white stripes on its brown wings. The nest it had been sitting on contained two small eggs about 3 cm in length, of a salmon colour with beige-brownish stains. Dan reminded everyone that it is forbidden by law to pick them up.

On the way, we had a quick pause at a lookout where Dan found an interesting species of fern known as the print or silverback fern (*Pityrogramma calomelanos*) which when pressed against skin will leave an impression of the leaves.

When we arrived at the end of this steep





**Eggs of the pauraque  
(*Nyctidromus albicollis*)**

in a nest right at the side of the trail

slope there was a sandbox tree (*Hura crepitans*). The trunk was covered in small spikes, giving it another common name of monkey no-climb: for sure, we won't climb on it! It is also used as a laxative by traditional medicine practitioners. The fruit, which is a large capsule, explodes to spread the seeds. The left-over parts of the capsule are used by local crafts people to make jewellery, with the curved shape of the segment said to look like a dolphin. The noise that the exploding fruit makes is so loud that it has gained this plant another common name of dynamite tree.

Also at this junction, Dan pointed out some flowering bamboo. It is very rare to see them as they may only flower every 10 or 15 years (see QB article written about this by Dan a few years ago).

After this pause, when everybody had gathered again, we resumed the walk up taking a

narrower, but still steep path. Along the way, we saw two types of palm trees: one was the grugru bef (*Acrocomia aculeate*) - its fruit is the banga which is edible. The second one was the thrash palm (*Attalea butyracea*).

The path was sometimes slippery due to the mud and lots of leaves on the ground. Further along the way, we also saw a bloodwood tree (*Croton gossypifolia*), Dan made a cut with his machete so we could see the poor tree bleeding!

Later, Mike saw a couple of insects mating, they were really unusual-looking but nobody



**Trunk of sandbox tree  
(*Hura crepitans*)**



could identify them at this point. After checking a photograph he had taken with specimens in the UWI Zoology Museum he confirmed that they were wheel bugs (*Arilus* sp.). Big white roadside daisies (*Bidens alba*) were spotted at points along the trail as well as the red flower known as deer meat or crep coq (*Centropogon cornutus*), which is also edible.



**Wheel bugs (*Arilus* sp.)**

After making our way through the dense bushy vegetation, which was re-growing after a fire from four years ago, we reached the top at around 10:30am. To mark the site there was a square concrete landmark with the number “30” on it and the fallen twisted metal remains of a small tower. Unfortunately there was not a clear view from the top, so some people went down the other side for a few minutes to see if they could see more and to understand where to reach from the other side.

We took a short break, waiting for the others and then walked back down with caution, trying not to fall nor hurt the knees too much.

Just after passing under some electricity pylons that were covered in the webs of golden orb-weaving spiders (*Nephila clavipes*), Mike spotted a neotropical treefrog (*Hypsiboas crepitans*) resting on a leaf. It was grayish white and did not seem to be afraid of us all looking at it and taking pictures.

Then we proceeded down, which was much quicker than on the way up! We arrived back at the cars at about 12:30pm. 🐸



**Neotropical treefrog  
(*Hypsiboas crepitans*)  
resting on a leaf**





TTFNC Bug Group Outing December 2011

## Mount St. Benedict

by Christopher K. Star and Mike G. Rutherford



We assembled at the top of the Mount, above the Drug Rehabilitation Centre. There were five participants. Our destination was the area around the old monastery ruins on Mt Tabor. However, the trail up through the forest is degraded and badly overgrown, so we ascended through the pine plantation. It was expected that the pine area would be quite barren for our purposes and we would just have to plod along and get it over with,

but we found several things of interest on the way up. Trinidad's two species of *Ectatomma* ants were in evidence, especially the larger, fiercer *E. ruidum*, which sits on plant heads and challenges all passers.

Reaching the top of the ridge we moved out of the pine trees and headed through the large patch of ferns taking in some excellent



**View of El Tucuche from Mount St. Benedict**



clear views of El Tucuche on the way. As we moved into secondary forest we came upon three foraging columns of the army ant *Eciton burchelli*. One of these was quite dense and went along the trail, instead of across it, so that we had to hurry to get past it, and even then we got a few stings. We came upon a mating pair of pyrrhocorid bugs (which can remain coupled for hours). As is usual in this family, they were in warning colours of black, red and orange. We picked them up and annoyed them, and they gave off lovely stinky defensive compounds. These were evidently effective, as we didn't eat either one of the bugs.

We stopped for a while at the old monastery, looking in the undergrowth and under



**Velvet worm**  
(*Epiperipatus* sp.)

stones for creepy-crawlies. It was there that we made the main find of the day, a lovely, apparently mature velvet worm (*Epiperipatus* sp.). We also found pill woodlice, stick insects and a white morph of the spiny-backed orb-weaver spider (*Gasteracantha cancriformis*).

One of our goals was to find active nests of *Microstigmus theridii*. This tiny wasp has been hardly studied at all, but there is evidence that it is social, or at least not entirely solitary. It nests exclusively under leaves of *Coccoloba latifolia*, so we turned our attention to this conspicuous plant. We found several of them, but no *Microstigmus*. Its nesting is presumably seasonal.



**Ectatomma ants**



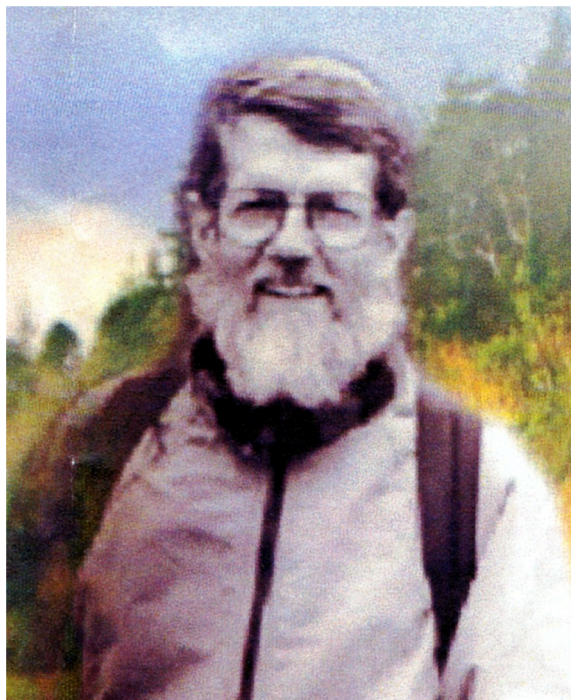




## Paul Linus Comeau

(A Life member of the Trinidad and Tobago Field Naturalist Club)

**Died on Wednesday 29th August, 2012**



### Brief Biography

Source

## Celebrating the Life of Paul Linus Comeau

Paul L. Comeau was born in Canada on the 26th June, 1942. He received his early education in Nova Scotia, and eventually obtained his BA, BSc and MSc Degrees at Arcadia University. He then went to England to earn a PhD in plant ecology at the University of Durham. Paul, who resided in Trinidad since 1982, was married to Yasmin Baksh, a Trinidadian, and was father of two, Andre and Camille. He had a keen interest in the natural environment, was a life-member of the Trinidad and Tobago Field Naturalists' Club and an avid photographer. He did research and published articles on edaphic savannas, mud volcanoes, and forest degradation and was the senior author of the Palm Book.

---



TTFNC Art Group Outing 14th April 2012

## Zoology inspiring Art

By Amy Deacon



As the hybrid offspring of an artist and a biologist, combining painting and the natural world has always seemed quite an obvious thing to do. The attendance register from the inaugural outing of the TTFNC art group proves that I am not alone: twenty people turned up at 9:00am on Saturday 14<sup>th</sup> April to enjoy a morning of drawing, painting and photography at UWI's Zoology Museum.

Taking full advantage of TTFNC's excellent connections, the group was treated to a personal tour by the museum curator, Mike

Rutherford, who showed us around the two rooms that make up the museum, the Zoology Room and the Land Arthropod Room. Initially entranced by the stacks of jars, cabinets, bones and stuffed creatures, eventually we had to remind ourselves that we were not only in the museum to gaze at and learn about the fascinating specimens (although I'm sure any one of us could have easily done so all morning). This left us with no choice but to face up to the first challenge of the day: selecting a subject! The variety was some-



**Amy Deacon** (foreground) and **Richard Acosta** (mid-ground)

*photo: Joanne Dasent*





**Liz Griffith** (foreground)  
**Jane Deacon** (background)  
*photo: Joanne Dasent*

what overwhelming, but one by one we settled on a creature, found a comfortable seat and opened our paint boxes, pencil tins and camera cases.

Subjects chosen included alien-like marine creatures such as the horseshoe crab and nautilus, skulls of horses and marine fish, scary giant centipedes, spectacular harlequin beetles and pickled snakes and starfish. This was where many of us faced the second challenge of the day – getting started. Happily, the trip coincided with my father, Paul Deacon, an artist and retired art teacher, visiting Trinidad from the UK. He spent the morning floating between the two rooms offering encouraging advice to nervous or hesitant art-

ists, providing starting points and explaining techniques wherever such help was requested.

Apart from a brief break to view a stunning example of a 'sun dog' or rainbow-like halo around the sun, we kept going until lunch-time. As well as a wide range of subjects, the group also embraced a great variety of media – pencil, watercolour, oil pastel, digital photography, to name but a few. Joanne Dasent, Eddison Baptiste and Bonnie Tyler even found the time to document the event by photographing fellow artists and their work, as well as taking artistically-minded photos of the specimens themselves.

I would like to end by emphasising that one does not need to be a professional artist to join this group – for many, this day in the museum was the first time they had opened a sketch book in years, despite enjoying drawing and painting in the past. Everyone was extremely positive about the experience afterwards and grateful for the opportunity to rediscover a passion for art. It seems that art is one of those interests that sound so easy to keep up as a hobby in theory, but in reality often get neglected in the rush of everyday life. It is my hope that this new group will provide an outlet – a time and a place – for all of us, to make sure we do not forget how relaxing and satisfying it can be to spend a few hours observing and interpreting nature through art.

The idea is that future trips will take us to locations equally rich in natural history subjects – for example the Emperor Valley Zoo and Pointe-a-Pierre Wildfowl Trust. Interested persons should email me at:

[aed32@st-andrews.ac.uk](mailto:aed32@st-andrews.ac.uk). 



2012

# NOTES ON SOCIAL WASPS OF THE BOCAS ISLANDS

by Christopher K. Starr

University of the West Indies

ckstarr@gmail.com



The Bocas Islands of Monos, Huevos and Chacachacare have lower rainfall than most of the main island of Trinidad, with the westernmost, Chacachacare, being the driest part of Trinidad. One can see this in a glance at the vegetation, with its abundant cacti and century plants.

Social wasps are markedly less diverse and less abundant on the Bocas Islands. Given the islands' small size (1.1-4.5 sq km), it is reasonable to expect occasional local extinction with later re-colonization of species with small population sizes. Over the years I have found three species nesting on Chacachacare: *Mischocyttarus alfkenii*, *Polistes versicolor* and *Polybia occidentalis*. The first two are independent-founding species (Jack Spaniards), while the third is a swarm-founder (maribon). I can only recall seeing two colonies of *M. alfkenii* in perhaps 10 visits to Chacachacare, neither of them in recent years. This species may now be absent from the island. *P. versicolor* seems to be consistently present in small numbers, commonly nesting on buildings. I confirmed its presence during my last visit (29-30 September). And *P. occidentalis* is certainly the most abundant social wasp there, as it is on both the main island of Trinidad and on Tobago. It is curious that, of the two social wasps recorded from Little Tobago, *P. versicolor* is by far the more abundant, while *P. occidentalis* is hard to find, in my experience. Exactly the

opposite is the case on the main island of Tobago (where there are two additional species).

During my last visit to Chacachacare, I found two very early colonies of another independent-founder, *Polistes lanio*, nesting in the small jetty below the old houses. There was also an old nest of this species nearby. This was the first time I had seen this species on the island, and it is conspicuous enough that I am fairly sure it was absent during earlier visits, at least in the areas where I went. This may be an example of a very small founding population with only a slight chance of persisting. We shall see.

*P. versicolor* is also found in small numbers nesting on buildings on Monos and Huevos. Although it seems more likely that these got there by moving westward from the main island, it is not out of the question that the overall trend is an eastward flow from the Paria Peninsula of Venezuela to Chacachacare and on through Huevos and Monos. The colouration in the few specimens that I have seen from Chacachacare suggested an affinity with wasps from Venezuela, rather than an endpoint in a migration from Trinidad.

Some years ago, JoAnne Sewlal and I found a very curious social-wasp nest on Huevos. It

*Continued on page 25)*



# TTFNC Hunting Policy

## April, 2012



*Drafted by Graham White, edited by Bonnie Tyler*

---

**Purpose:** This TTFNC hunting policy is intended to serve as a guide to members when they are acting as official representatives of the TTFNC and to enable club representatives who serve on a variety of external committees to take a stand on behalf of the club. We recognize and accept that club members will have diverse opinions on hunting and this policy is not intended to restrict individual club members' opinions or actions as private citizens.

**Guiding Philosophy:** The TTFNC holds that protecting sustainable populations of all native species must be the top priority for wildlife management in Trinidad and Tobago. To this end we believe that, if hunting is to continue it must be managed based on sound empirical knowledge of the present populations and population trends of each targeted species. In the absence of sufficient scientific data, we support the precautionary principle, which dictates that hunting should be tightly restricted until adequate data can be collected and effective regulations can be formulated and enforced.

### Policy Points:


- 1) We consider the current legislation and enforcement, as of 2012, to be woefully inadequate for the protection of our wildlife populations.
  - 2) We are of the opinion that commercial hunting is not sustainable in Trinidad and Tobago and should be prohibited. As such, any sale of wild meat, sea turtle, or wild-caught cage birds during the open or closed seasons should be prohibited and the law enforced.
  - 3) We will actively support all efforts from government bodies and NGOs, including recreational hunters, to establish scientific management objectives, facilitate acquiring supporting data, and revise legislation in order to ensure that hunting will not jeopardize the survival of the local populations of targeted species.
  - 4) For practical purposes, we accept that incremental improvements may be the most effective path forward. We are willing to work in good faith with other stakeholders, including hunters, as long as there is evidence of acceptable progress toward our desired standard of wildlife management.
  - 5) The TTFNC believes that, in the absence of tangible progress toward managing hunting on a scientific and sustainable basis, all types of hunting should be severely curtailed.
-



## Notes on Social Wasps of the Bocas Islands

(continued from page 23)

was under a broad anthurium leaf on a hillside far above the buildings and, although it was old and abandoned, it was unmistakably of *Polistes pacificus*. I have not found this species common except very locally in north-

east Trinidad and never anywhere near the Bocas Islands. My working hypothesis is that the nest was the work of a lone mated female blown westward on the prevailing winds, able to found a colony but leaving no lasting presence. 

## TTFNC 2013 Annual Calendars - available from 1st November

2013  
Calendar  
front  
cover



THE TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO FIELD NATURALISTS' CLUB  
P.O. Box 942, Port of Spain, Trinidad and Tobago. e-mail: admin@ttnfc.org web page: <http://ttnfc.org/index.php>

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

The Publications and Calendar Committees thank all Club Members who sent photos to be considered for inclusion in the 2013 Calendar.  
Publication Committee: Elisha Tikasingh, Graham White, Palaash Narase, Paul Comeau.  
Calendar Committee: Amy Deacon, Bonnie Tyler, Eddison Baptiste, Mike Rutherford, Reg Potter  
Artwork: Eddison Baptiste. Text edited by Elisha Tikasingh.  
We also thank Michael Tikasingh for technical advice and enhancing of the photos.



The calendar is illustrated with our local flora, fauna and the environment, with a little description of each. The size of the calendar is 12 by 18 inches. The profits from the sale of the calendar will assist in offsetting the costs of publishing our journal, *Living World*.

Management wishes to thank all who were instrumental in the production of our 2013 Annual Calendar.



## We Go To Grenada 1975

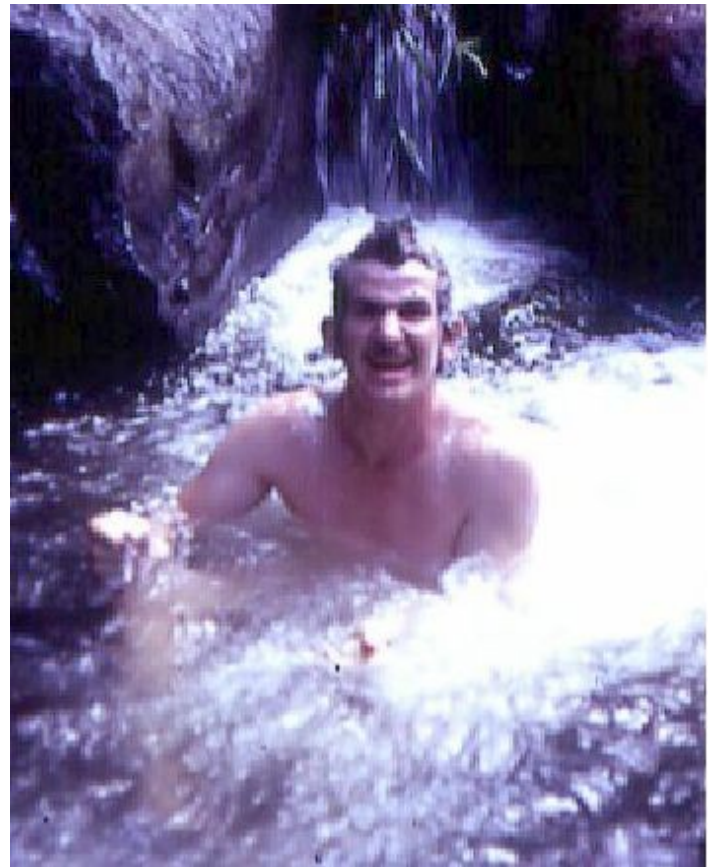
*Feature Serial by Hans Boos  
(Part 3a)*



Desperation prompted a visit to the rum-shop, which *did* have some chicken parts, true, though only backs, and small 25-pound cylinders of propane cooking gas. If only we could get the stove to work I was sure that I could whip up some form of repast to see us through the night.

By this time Terry had been encouraged, as a gesture of international camaraderie between Grenada and Australia, to sample the "Hiltons" punch. Terry, never shy to try something new (stories told elsewhere), was downing his second or third glass of this punch, which by its taste did not signal how lethal it was. Doon-Dan came up to me with a small glass with about one quarter of an inch of the clear rum in the bottom, and encouraged me, as his "bossman," to "take a drink." I felt I could not refuse, and asking for some water to "chase" it, gulped down the proffered drink. Instantly, as I swallowed, I felt as if someone had poured liquid iced acetone over my head and shoulders. Fumes rose in the back of my throat and it was with difficulty that I blinked away tears springing from my smarting eyes. Cold shivers rippled over my entire body and a ringing started in my ears. On an empty stomach such drink was deadly. And Terry was on his third glass of the punch, which was at least 30 per cent of this pure alcohol.

With a pair of pliers, retrieved from the car, Julius managed to get the cylinder of propane gas connected to the ancient rusted stove, and also to get the control knob spindles to



**A happy and adventurous  
Terry Boylan  
enjoying a river bath**

turn. This showed us that at least three of the four burners were functional, and we set to, to make a "cook-up" out of the provender we had on hand. The chicken parts were washed in lime and seasoned with salt and chopped peppers from the yard. Browned in some margarine we had managed to buy and caramelized sugar, we soon had them cooking in a thick brown gravy. Rice, boiled and with chopped ochres and salt, was, when almost ready, added to the chicken to make a primitive but tasty pelau.

Still more, and more, and more men had started to arrive and the serious drinking was under way. There was talk that they all expected to sleep that night at "The Hiltons." Terry was becoming increasingly drunker and the company decided that they would go and get some female company for him. Julius and I were cooking, keeping a keen eye on what was developing, and we decided we were not going to sleep at "The Hiltons". Anywhere else, but not at "The Hiltons." The car would do. There were two seats, and we would leave as soon as we had eaten and try our luck head-lighting "sarpints" at night and then bed down in the car. Terry, too drunk now to care, would be safe. We made sure he had a plate of food, and we too ate the filling meal. There was a huge second basin of the balance of the pelau, for anyone who so desired to fortify themselves against the ravages of "River and Twine."

By this time Terry was almost incoherent, but still on his feet, when the assembled company brought the planned female companion that they considered *de rigueur* for the occasion and for their Australian compatriot, who, though they had some difficulty in understanding his accent, they had discovered shared a mutual interest in and knowledge of cricket and cricketers. The West Indian versus Australian rivalry was common ground despite the difficulties in communication due to the extremes in accents—Grenadian and Australian.

The girl, though possibly the belle of the village, and comely in her rustic way, was totally befuddled by the drink pressed on her, and

did not seem to realize that she was expected to entertain Terry in any way he could or wanted in his increasingly inebriated state. I found him sitting on the small platform at the top of the rail-less stair, trying to charm and chat her up, trying to find common interest, hoping that she could understand even one word he was saying.

The ubiquitous frogs screamed in the surrounding night and the hogs grunted in the fetid darkness below and the baseball-capped head of the girl nodded in agreement to everything Terry said or suggested, her teeth starkly contrasting with her heavily made-up lips and characteristically dark-complected Grenadian face. I pulled him away from his attempts to enlighten her on the particular breeding peculiarities of the frogs calling everywhere in the surrounding countryside, and after, with difficulty, getting him to his feet, tried to tell him that Julius and I were going to look for snakes for an hour or two. We were taking the car; we were leaving him there to continue to enjoy himself, but we wanted in leaving him to secure his passport and camera.

He told me that they were in his pack downstairs under the house where he had stashed it, and offered, and was insistent, that he was going down the stairs to get them and so give them to me. With no hand rail to the precarious and crumbling uneven stair, it was doubtful, in his condition, that Terry would make it to the bottom on his feet. But he was adamant that he was not drunk, as all drunken men insist, but he finally acceded to my helping him down the precarious flight. I positioned myself in front of him, one step



below him, for Terry is considerably shorter than my six feet and, reaching backwards, I pulled his unresisting arms across my shoulders so that he was almost supported on my back as we started down, one step at a time. He kept protesting that he did not need this ignominious help, but we progressed slowly to the foot of the stairs, where, when we arrived, Terry was still mumbling, "Lemme go! I'm right!"

"You sure?" I asked, letting go of his arms draped over my shoulders. Silently, he collapsed. He was down, but not out, and managed to stand again. After finding his backpack, and rummaging inside, he passed over to me his important travel documents, money and camera. We left any items that he would need after a night spent in, at that time, we knew not where. Just at this moment all the lights went out. Whether it was time for a local generating facility in this remote north of the island to shut down for the night, or the blackout originated from one of the "outages" that are familiar features in rural and urban areas of the Caribbean islands, we never found out. But "The Hiltons" was plunged into stygian blackness.

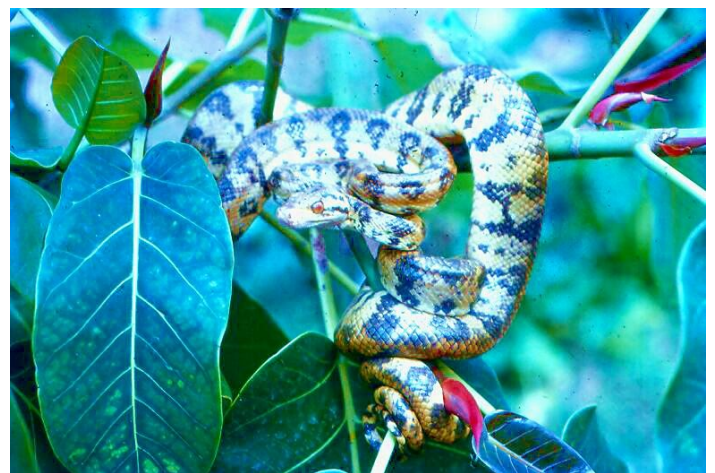
It was a cloudy night and no moon or starlight relieved the darkness. The inhabitants of "The Hiltons" were accustomed to this circumstance, and flickering candle-light soon sprang up from the upper floor. Julius and I left Terry to crawl back up to the upper floor as we drove away from "The Hiltons" to see if any more tree boas were abroad on this murky night, and perhaps find a place to bed down, free from the mosquitoes that we had become aware were fierce attackers once one ventured into the darkness. We drove

east of Sauteurs until the coast road curved south, stopping occasionally to shine our portable hunting headlamps up into the trees, searching for the reflective eye shine that told of a prowling, hunting tree boa. But the night was cool and clammy, and the sar-



**Grenada - *Corallus grenadensis***

A fresh litter of snakes discovered in bag after capture of a single mother snake (note the variety of colours and patterns)



**Grenada - *Corallus grenadensis* (adult)**

pints, probably wiser than we were, stayed home. We saw nothing except the beady red or green jewelled reflections of the eyes of moths and spiders. It was after midnight, and



(Left to right) **Julius Boos, Hans Boos and Terry Boylan,**  
**infront of the rented Austin Mini-minor**


we, a lone car on the deserted roads, were heading back to "The Hiltons" when, motor-ing around one sharp curve that differed lit-tle from the others on the sinuous mountain and coast roads of Grenada, I had to bring the car to a shuddering, slithering halt to avoid hitting or running down the apparition that loomed up in the centre of the black as-phalt road.

Terry sat there, naked except for his jockey-shorts, attempting to pull on his shoes. The details of how or why he got there we never with certainty were able to find out, and I am not sure even he really knew. It involved an-other darkened room in another house down the hill and across the road from "The Hiltons", a naked reluctant girl, and a one-legged boyfriend who had come looking for

her. It went on and on, each fantastic detail of his story more ridiculous and hilarious than the last.

We helped him into his clothes, which lay in a crumpled bundle beside him in the middle of the road. He said that he was going to join the crowd from the house, which, due to the overall blackout, had migrated down to the junction rum shop. Though we tried to dis-suade him, he told us there was nobody left up at "The Hiltons", and he felt he would be better off in the darkness, in a strange coun-try, with his new drinking buddies or "mates" as he now referred to them. He would get back to "The Hiltons" and whatever bed he could find. We arrived at the bar, which was within easy walking distance from "The Hil-tons," and we went inside with Terry.

We declined to have anything to drink, that is Julius and I, but Terry, somewhat sobered up by whatever his experience in the pitch black house with the equally amorphous girl had been, accepted a glass of the deadly white rum, and when the assembled mass of Grenadians raised their glasses and shouted in unison the name of a well-known Australian cricketer, "Colin Cowdry," Terry too lifted his glass and they all tossed the rum down their collective throats. Glasses were refilled and Terry offered his toast, this time to a West Indian cricketer, "Gary Sobers" — and more glasses were emptied. We snuck out of the lantern-lit bar to the sounds of famous cricketer names, alternately Austra-

lian and West Indian, the only language currency that either side could accept and/or understand, names that were bowled or batted, back and forth by Grenadian crowd and Aussie hero, still standing, a white pebble on a black volcanic sand beach. How long he would survive, his single memory for names against the collective consciousness for a sport they all lived and breathed, we never found out, for we left him there, the names echoing back and forth, punctuated by loud cheers as each name was commemorated with another drink. "Kanhai!" "Raaaay!" "Locke!" "Raaay!" "Ramadin!" "Ay-yai-yai, raaay!" 

*(to be continued in QB4 2012)*



**Our heartfelt condolences  
go out to the family and friends**

**of**  
**Dave Stradlin**  
**Edward Battoo** (Life member)  
**Paul Comeau** (Life member)

Members of the Trinidad and Tobago Field Naturalists' Club





## Management Notices

### New members; Volunteers; Publications

#### New Members

The Club warmly welcomes the following new members:

##### *Junior members:*

##### *Ordinary members:*

**Lisa Marcano, Shady Tannus, Christian Persad, Virmal Arjoonsingh, Rakesh Bhukal, Veynu Siewrattan, Yaasir Hosein, Hammond Noreige**

##### *New life members:*

#### New Website

The Club has transferred to a new domain name and email address. The change allows us more space and greater control to reach out to the public and stay in touch with members.

**Website:** [www.ttfnc.org](http://www.ttfnc.org)

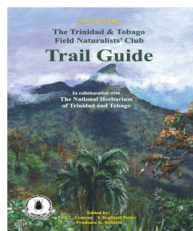
**Email:** [admin@ttfnc.org](mailto:admin@ttfnc.org)



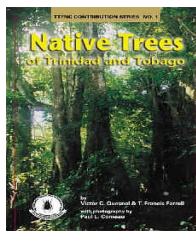
<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Trinidad-Tobago-Field-Naturalists-Club/68651412196?v=info>

#### PUBLICATIONS

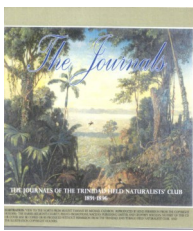
The following Club publications are available to members and non-members:



The TTFNC  
Trail Guide  
Members =  
TT\$200.00



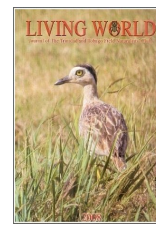
The Native  
Trees of T&T  
2nd Edition  
Members =  
TT\$100.00



Living World  
Journal 1892-  
1896 CD  
Members =  
TT\$175.00



Living World Journal 2008  
Living World Journal back issues  
Members price = free



## Living World 2011 supplement

Due to limited supply Living World 2011 supplements are \$20.00 each.

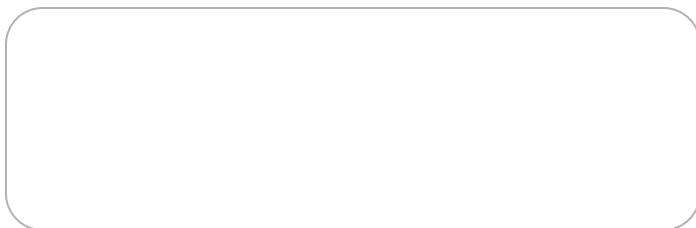
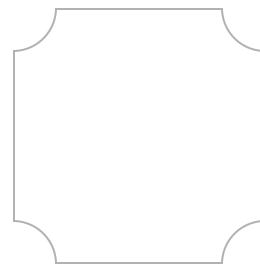
#### MISCELLANEOUS

##### The Greenhall Trust

Started in 2005, in memory of Elizabeth and Arthur Greenhall, dedicated artist and zoologist respectively, the Trust offers financial assistance to aspiring artists and biologists (in areas of flora and fauna) in Trinidad and Tobago. Full details are available on their website: <http://www.greenhallstrust-wi.org/link.htm>

## Your 2012 Annual Membership Fees are Due:

Please view bottom right of the mailing label to check if your subscription has been paid.



### **NOTES TO CONTRIBUTORS**

#### **Guidelines for articles and field trip reports:**

**Contributors and authors are asked to take note of the following guidelines when submitting articles for inclusion in the newsletter**

1. Articles must be well written (structure/style), and be interesting and fun to read.
3. Articles must have a sound scientific base.
4. Articles submitted must be finished works. Please no drafts.
5. Articles should generally not exceed 3000 words. Longer articles, if interesting enough, will be broken up and published as separate parts.
6. Articles should be submitted as a text file, word or text in an e-mail.
7. Field trip reports may include a separate table listing the scientific names, common names and families of plants and animals identified within the body of the report.
8. Photographs can be in any of the following formats JPEG, BMP, PICT, TIFF, GIF. They must not be embedded into the word processing files. Information on the image content including names of individuals shown must be provided.
9. Acceptable formats for electronic submissions are doc and txt.
10. **All articles must reach the editor by the eighth week of each quarter.**  
**Submission deadline for the 4th Quarter 2012 issue is October 31st 2012.**
11. **Electronic copies can be submitted to the 'Editor' at: [admin@ttfnc.org](mailto:admin@ttfnc.org)**  
**Please include the code QB2012-4 in the email subject label.**
12. Hard copies along with CD softcopy can be delivered to the editor or any member of Management.